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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

SUMMER'S SWAY UPON US

Summer resorts not already open are preparing for an immediate thronging of their doors. Summer searchers for sea and country breezes who have not already gone on their annual quest are finishing their preparations to that end. Has it ever come to you to think of the vast number of people in this sweltering city who are counted out of these preparations whom those resorts never know? There is the stifling tenement, or, if they seek a change, the hot pavement. There is the burden and heat of the day at the greatest pitch. And there are children among them too weak to stand the strain and keep health in their little bodies.

You can help them. The EVENING WORLD Free Doctors Fund provides the way. Is your Summer joy complete before you have remembered this?

A FASHION PARIS CANNOT BEAT

The butchers, bakers and, not the candlestick-makers, but the grocers of Paris are parties to a strike movement which threatens to plunge the gay city into the gloom of semi-starvation. Paris has set many styles for the rest of the world. She cannot, however, make it fashionable to go hungry. She may as well understand this at once and let the good work of compromise go on.

Mr. BENJAMIN F. HUTCHINSON, of Chicago, wrongfully and disrespectfully accused as "old Horton," carefully acknowledges that he isn't doing much business in New York, but says he's "having a rattling good time." Here's another man who can teach a lesson in metropolitan enjoyment to the malcontent Senator FERRY.

When the skies take it upon themselves to play ball they not infrequently play the mischief with somebody's earthly possessions. Down in Virginia yesterday a ball of fire from above demolished most of a farm-house and killed the farmer's wife and baby.

A lad in London takes pains to reach the owner of the \$150,000 he found in a fat pocketbook. Would it have made any difference if he had grown old and found a few thousand shares of bank stock instead, say in Philadelphia?

A Yale classman of '91 has his diploma attached for a billiards bill. This should give him a cue to the idea that even the merry rolling along in life has to be paid for.

The Government will compromise the hat trimmings duties suit for \$6,000,000. Quite a fancy price to pay for the trimmings on the tariff system.

Indians in Arizona seem to be preparing for a Summer's recreation at the expense of settlers and part of the army.

The gas-house nuisance is somewhat abated. This shows only proper care is necessary to do away with it altogether.

Jockey GARRISON's license has been revoked. No specific charge is made, but race-goers are not greatly surprised.

The weather, in one way or another, we have always with us.

SPOTLETS

The Presidential cloud has a silver lining.

Foot-morons cruelty—obituary verse. Also hard lines for the mourners.

James is reported to have objections to paying freight on flowers.

Harmony is so deep in Tennessee that the leaves have to wade through it.

He—What is the wind whispering?—She—Love-crowns.

The bridegroom may exalt his pride, but he will give away the bride.

The bridegroom's often says "Marry's Wally."

Politics is as necessary to man as oil to a wagon axle.

A check made—cheese—spring husband.

Mrs. John Sherwood says Queen Margaret "smile keeps Italy together." What an extensive smile it must be.

Emperor William, George Francis Train and Senator Feller are credited with being the world's three wise men.

Sure Cure for Verdancy.

Beetwax—Do you know, Miss Kuitnah, that when I mingle in literary society I feel quite ashamed of myself. I really read so little that I can't understand half the allusions, and, in fact, I don't know a word of green. What would be a good thing to read up?

Miss Kuitnah—If you feel so very green, as you say, I should be inclined to recommend a course of Browning.

A Correction.

[From Broadway Life.]

The Census Bureau reports that the population of Hoboken, New Jersey, was 30,000 in 1880 and 45,000 in 1890.

Indeed—an increase of 15,000 souls, eh?

I—Well, an increase of 15,000 Jersey-men.

A Prophecy.

[From the Jory.]

"Curious things, I'm sure, superstitious still, but it looks as if that old crows' prophecy about the Prince of Wales would come true." "What was that?" "The prophecy said that he never would be Queen of England."

Negotiable Notes.

[From an Exchange.]

Young Sprague—Your father has a splendid reputation, Sparky. Which of his notes do you like best?

Young Sprague—I like his chest notes best. I mean the fivers he carries in his breast pocket.



A Deceived Man.

At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon a tall young man, who was mostly composed of a linen duster and a Roman nose, placed a small stand under the wing of a store on Avenue A, deposited on the stand two or three queer-looking glass bulbs filled with red liquid, and began to cry out:

"Now, then, have your blood tested for only a nickel! The only certain test known to medical science, and the only one approved by the leading physicians of America!"

It was a hot day, and no one seemed to care about his blood, and the young man had been crying out for a quarter of an hour before any one had the curiosity to stop. The caller was a solid little man with a grip, and he got off a street-car on purpose to call. If the owner of the bulbs had looked at him closely he would have seen something like pumkin glass, milled with carot-tacks, in each eye, but he was not an observing man, and he was also busy crying out:

"Come right up and have your blood tested! Never falls above you is the exact condition of the blood, and is the only test used by the celebrated doctors of Europe and America!"

"She tests, does she?" inquired the solid man as he put down his grip.

"She does. Take this bulb in your hand. If your blood is all right the fluid will run into the other compartment."

"Never fails, eh?"

"Never, sir."

"Recommended by all medical men?"

"By all of 'em, sir. What's the matter with you?"

"The matter is that I'm going to give you the all-freest licking an infernal old fellow ever got!" replied the other as he took off his coat.

"What for?"

"Because I had my blood tested by that blamed thing two weeks ago on Houston street, and you said I had the best blood in New York. Since then a rash broke out all over me. Three days later a boil came on my leg, and I've just got back from Syracuse, where a doctor told me that I had the hives and had got to drink buttermilk all the rest of the Summer. Prepare to be licked!"

"But I couldn't!"

He didn't finish. The solid man kicked the table sky-high, the bulbs came down to scatter their contents over the flags, and the young man with the Roman nose jumped over two children and up the ice-cream cart and fled swiftly away in search of some shady deli where madness enters not.

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